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No. 1.

The Mountain Lily.

I N sunny dell I wandered,
Half up the mountain side;
Twixt stony crags and brambles
A Lily fair I spied.

Her pallid cheeks were moistened,
A tear bedimmed her eyes;
I stood, and gazed, and wondered
As she muttered with a sigh:

"I am alone and fearful,
These briars do threaten so;
I would I were with my loved ones
In the valley far below "

"O lily, lovely maiden,
Long not for scenes below,
Where sordid fingers taint thee
And loathsome odors flow.

Thy life is more ethereal,
Thou must not roam with these:
Here mid the mountain's freshness,
Thy Maker seek to please."

I. W. COLLINS, '07.

Hamlet at the Opening of the Play.

FROM his first appearance on the stage Hamlet is invested with extraordinary tragic interest, because of the things that have preceded. He comes not like Macbeth or Julius Caesar, borne upon the wave of triumph, but the victim of such cruel blows of fortune that our heart goes out to him in pity. What a wonderful opening of the play! We feel at once that it is to be the tragedy of Hamlet, and that too of Hamlet's soul. That soul is crushed already. Will it rise again, or will it sink in death?

If we consider the mental condition of Hamlet we see how different this drama is from all others. It is a tragedy built upon a tragedy, not a progress from fortune to misfortune. It is a tragedy of the soul, an unsuccessful attempt to lift a noble soul out of a sea of gloom and sorrow. Hamlet does not sink into this condition in the course of the play, he is in it already. The apparition of the ghost, the inciting cause or moment, is to draw him out of it, to rouse to life and action his benumbed faculties, to give his life an aim, to make it "worth living." To understand the cause and depth of his gloom, we need but review the recent events.

Hamlet was an only child and the pride of both his parents; yet, as he had inherited all the traits of his father and was also animated by the same spirit, his love inclined more to that parent, who likewise cherished him with greater affection. For him he was "his heart and his heart's joy." Being heir to the throne of proud Denmark he observed with delight that Denmark gradually rose to the level of her sister countries, and he had visions of a happy and prosperous reign. Each returning day brought new sunshine, and bright were the prospects that lay before him. But nature has a cruel trick of grafting sorrows on every joy of man.

Ignorant of this fact he lived on cheerfully until he was summoned home from the university. What an overwhelming contrast to find that dear father the victim of such a deadly and mysterious malady, cold and stiff, with every spark of life extinct. This transition from a life of expectation to this sadly altered one left deep traces upon this sensitive character. Owing to the keenness with which he realizes this loss, his lot becomes unbearable.

Unlike persons of ordinary temper he could not alleviate his sufferings by giving way to lamentations. Words were too shallow for his feelings, his feelings too sacred for his companions; wherefore he implanted them into his very heart. The tears that should have been a relief remained unshed; nay, they served even to fructify the seed of bitterness within his breast. Grief—deep, silent, painful grief, stamped his visage, afterwards to be replaced by a sullen gloom.

Scarcely had he time to realize the fullness of this sad event, when, hard upon, followed the incestuous marriage of his mother. Her maternal heart once beat in response to his, but this was so no longer. This action, so ungrateful to his father's memory, gave a rude shock to his fine sensibilities, and almost severed those close ties that bind mother and child. Death bereft him of a kind father; as this, however, was the course of nature he yielded to its ordinance, but that a low-minded uncle should yet deprive him of his mother surpassed all bounds. There could remain but little love and trust for his mother when he remembered the love this "seeming virtuous queen" had feigned for his father.

If at the university he was ignorant of the wickedness of men, his situation now offered sufficient experience. Dark clouds of suspicion enveloped his mind and kept him from everybody, but especially from Claudius and the queen. He wondered how this villain could dare to ask for her hand immediately after the funeral, and his only conclusion was that, ere this, there must have been some secret understanding. Again the various apologies of Claudius

aroused the prince to earnest reflection, but he was too astute not to see through the shallow excuses. They were only the nicely studied words of a sincere hypocrite to whose mind the multitude of atrocious deeds was ever present. Well was Hamlet aware that this brave coward adduced them mainly to alleviate the mental agony aroused by remorse of conscience. Surely Claudius was uppermost in Hamlet's mind, when being apprised of the appearance of the ghost he exclaims, "I doubt some foul play."

Neither were the endearments of Claudius for his "chief courtier, cousin, Hamlet, and son" very inviting. Far from it; they were most repulsive from the mouth of that debased villain, and caused the cancer of grief to eat deeper and deeper. No more acceptable were the soothings and comfortings of the queen, and not without just cause did he utter those words so expressive of his own feeling, yet so bitter upon the action of his mother:

"Seems, madame! nay, it is: I know not "seems".

'Tis not alone my inky cloak. good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forced breath." etc.

The depression of the prince weighed much heavier when the fate of his beloved country presented itself to view. By marriage, unlawful though it was, Claudius became king of Denmark to the exclusion of Hamlet, who saw his rightful inheritance snatched from his very grasp. His heart bled to behold that country so prosperous under his father's sway now groaning under the yoke of this intemperate regent. It should have grown in glory during his reign, but now it became polluted in contact with a corrupted head. Thus all his ideals had been shattered, and in proportion as they had been high and he cherished them with every fibre of his being, did their downfall unnerve him and rob him of every vitality.

Sympathy, the greatest comfort in adversity, was denied him whose finely wrought and emotional nature needed it most. In all these desperate trials he found none to whom he might confide his tale of woe, no one to share

their weight; for whom could he trust when even a mother's heart proved false? 'Tis true, there was Horatio, but he only came with the appearance of the ghost. He knew not where to look for comfort and was moreover compelled to lock his sorrow in his breast:

“But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.”

At the death of his father Hamlet took the first potion of his grief, but on the marriage day of the queen he drained the cup of bitterness to the very dregs; then fell all his faith in mankind, his hope for the future, his ambition for a glorious reign as king of Denmark. His affections and ideals rudely destroyed, what should he still live for?

This is the condition of Hamlet at the opening of the tragedy, and this, or a similar one is the condition of many another man when the tragedy of his life begins.

When the cup of bitterness overflows; when the soul cannot contain her misery; when confidences or affections are betrayed or broken, or ideals shattered; when he finds himself the helpless victim of circumstances and conditions which he cannot alter; when he has no one to whom to pour out his heart; when his cherished dreams for happiness or wealth are destroyed;—he sinks back into himself as did Hamlet or Silas Marner. He yields to gloom and despair. The period of self-torture begins. Less noble natures than Hamlet end in self destruction, as the bee stings herself when much vexed. Others are struck by insanity or pine away in melancholy; others again shut themselves from human society; still less nobler natures give themselves to dissipation or to the pleasures of the table, or become reckless criminals, or, if they are too indolent and good-natured for that, simply “knights of the road.” And all of these had perhaps a bright future before them, and would have played no unimportant part in the affairs of the world, had they not met with afflictions similiar to those of Hamlet, which disheartened them. Verily, life is strewn with the wreck of human fortunes. This is the reason why the drama of Hamlet is felt to be so largely that of human life.

Too many men find their condition similar to that of the young prince of Denmark.

Was there anything that could have averted the catastrophe? could have calmed his mind and healed the wounds of his soul? Could anything have drawn him out of himself and restored him to a cheerful, active life? In the case of Silas Marner, which in this respect at least I regard very similar to Hamlet, though the person of Silas is on a much lower plane, it was human love and sympathy, the love of a child, and through it the love of all men. The love of Ophelia would have done as much for Hamlet, had she not unfortunately, fallen under the bane of his suspicion. No other human means was available. Nothing but a spiritual influence could have composed Hamlet's mind and enabled him to bear up under those terrible buffets of "outrageous fortune".

We leave it to others to say whether the dramatist could have made use of religion and spiritual means in the play. Probably not, since these are beyond our ken and do not admit of dramatic representation. It would have been for the good of Hamlet, however, if in place of one or other of his soliloquies he had poured out his soul in prayer. Could he have done so he would surely have found relief.

This, then, we may learn from Hamlet, if we wish to regard both the drama and the person of Hamlet as typical of actual life, that religion alone has the cure for our ills; that it has balm for the soul and light for the mind, even when that heart is bruised, nay broken, as was Hamlet's; that only with the help of religion can we rise superior to the trials and afflictions and disappointments of life; and that if all the world go against us, we may take comfort in the thought that there is a God who will set things a-right in the end.

ALEXANDER LINNEMAN, '07.

Return to College.

DAYS grow short and nights grow colder,
Summer's sun is growing dim;
Ripe corn peeping from its fodder
Sees bright autumn ushered in.

Hark! we hear a gentle calling,
Voices that we love to hear,
As the birds when leaves are falling
Call their mates from far and near.

Now it seems a bell is ringing;
Silvery notes disturb the air:
Ah! 'tis from the college, bringing
Memories of our duties there.

As we leave our father's fireside
Parting sighs and prayers ascend,
No farewells, but God be with you,
With you to life's golden end.

Now the train begins its journey,
Green the woods and meadow all;
Leaving sights of youth behind us,
"Onward!" sense of duty calls.

Stopping at each well-known station,
Men of every trade and art,
Duty bound or seeking pleasure,
Come and go to play their part.

Once again with friends and school-mates
Happy greetings going 'round—
Now the great halls ring with music;
Hear the corridors sound!

Once again in halls of duty
With some ardent task to do,
Strive we on through weeks of labor,
Gems of knowledge to pursue.

Thus we spend our days at college,
Come and go as seasons do;
And we leave the school with sorrow,
When our college days are through.

Something like a pang of sorrow
Hovers 'round the student's heart,
When from friends and dear companions
Time will cause him to depart.

Yet there is a soothing finger
Pointing to some distant time,
When we've scaled life's golden ladder
Which in school we learned to climb.

LEO FAUROT, '07.



The Poetry of the "Marble Faun."

HAWTHORNE'S fame, as is well known, rests upon a triplet of matchless romances: "The Scarlet Letter", "The House of Seven Gables", and "Marble Faun". All three are conceded to be America's greatest romances, and each has a distinct flavor and atmosphere. "The Scarlet Letter" carries us along by its intense power, even though we feel a repugnance to the plot. In "The House of Seven Gables", the tale of the Pyncheon family's woes is homely but still romantic; phantom haunted, it is nevertheless within the sphere of commonplace and misty reality. "The Marble Faun" shows Hawthorne almost in the pose of a poet, but without the poet's shackles of verse and rhyme, reveling in the realm of mystery, which was his delight.

When Hawthorne departed from the gloomy valleys of puritan New-England, he threw off much of his depressing melancholy. On the sunny shores of Italy he felt the touch of a lighter spirit, though still of the vague and shadowy.

Here, however, in and around Rome, where the satyrs and fauns of old had once sported in festive glee, this vagueness rose to the realm of the poetic. Nevertheless he was powerless to oppose his genius, and its flights were, as always, through the mists and mysteries of crime. Had his genius been more delicate, "The Marble Faun" would have been a tale of the purest poetry. Though he misjudged the Eternal City, it is herself and her treasures of art and tradition that gives the whole novel its flavor. As the events move through this shrine of art, they catch the glamour of poetry that surrounds the great masterpieces of painting and sculpture. The incidents are most poetically conceived and described with the magic of a poet, often with the power of a dramatist. Thus the three friends' playful frolic of fancy when reveling among the treasures of one of Rome's art galleries. Thus also the graceful description of an antique Roman palace, and its splashing, glittering, sculptured fountain. And so through the Borghese gardens, the gay gambols of the faun, and the forced efforts of mysterious Miriam to flee her cares. Here the author gave vent to a sportive fancy that a melancholy temperament had long restrained. We hear the birds chattering and see the brilliance of the Italian sun everywhere. Donatello frolics and talks as once did his mystic ancestors, and the birds think him one of them.

The characters are living and human, but of a peculiar mould. The poetry of the scenes through which they pass, Rome's studios of ancient art, and Tuscany's fertile vineyards, set in lurid contrast the mystery that attends their steps. The air they draw is that of a mystic world. Each has a dark shroud of the unknown, of the inscrutable about him, though considerably softened by the poetic atmosphere Hawthorne has thrown around them. The conception that gave birth to the most poetic character in all his works was the fruit of a fanciful study of the sculptured Faun of Praxiteles. It is Donatello the Faun, a creation that vies with the greatest in literature. The idea that this poetic race still lingered among men was, according to his own

words, the motive of the novel. Donatello, though fanciful, is human. His wild playfulness is the result of his early surroundings; but his humanity and manhood gain the ascendancy with a shock that changes the whole man. From a disposition of excessive gaiety he becomes extremely sad and morose. The poetry that Hawthorne has woven around the character of Hilda and the airy shrine where she ever kept in glow a sacred flame in honor of the Virgin Mary, her model of womanhood, is of such exquisiteness that it must be felt to be appreciated. Were we to enter Rome our eye would look for it. Our eye would seek for a glimpse of Hilda's doves, the emblems of peace, flittering about the machicolated tower.

Unlike "The Scarlet Letter," with its seeming ever impending ruin, and "The House of the Seven Gables," in which the same gloom is felt throughout, the tragic scenes of "The Marble Faun" touch the reader more keenly and are over again like a thunder storm. Especially has the climax this thrilling power. After we have followed a gay crowd of artists through Rome and its famous scenes by moonlight, before we are aware the climax has been reached, the wild deed is accomplished, and the laughter of the rest of the company floats back through the silence.

After having read this romance, the reader almost wishes that Hawthorne had paid his court to the Muses. With the light and poetical fancy "The Marble Faun" shows him to have possessed, and his vivid imagination, he might have left us some works of verse, worthy of the name of poetry. Though perhaps as wild and fantastic as an Eastern epic, American poetry would have received a work of eminent originality. His poetry might have given a distinguishing shape to our literature and freed it from dependence on foreign poetical models.

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.



Oliver P. Morton.

IN the year 1861, when the peace of the American states was about to be disturbed by the great civil strife, Indiana was still more harassed by the deplorable state of its government and finances. Indeed, things took such a threatening aspect as to endanger for a time the stability of the state, but, fortunately, it possessed a man who, by his influence and activity was not only to restore it to its former glory, but also make it one of the most prominent factors in the war for the Union.

Oliver P. Morton, for he was the man of the hour, was born at Saulsbury, in Wayne County, April 4, 1823. His education was acquired at Miami University, where he studied law; and, having spent one year under the tutorship of Judge Newman, began his career as a lawyer. In this he was so successful that in a short time he was appointed Circuit judge, and it was during this period that his reputation as a man of great wisdom and influence was established. His popularity grew so rapidly that he was in 1856 nominated for governor of the state of Indiana.

In this campaign Morton was defeated, and the only advantage he acquired was the reputation of being intellectually one of the strongest men in the state. This advantage, as it afterwards proved, assured his success in the following state campaign, for he was elected Lieutenant governor with Henry Lane. Two days later Lane was appointed a member of the Senate, and Morton succeeded him as governor.

Never in the history of the state had a man to contend with such responsibilities and embarrassing situations as Morton did at this time. The treasury was exhausted, and the state in debt. There was no militia, no arms, and no

munition. And the war was inevitable. The war that was to determine the union or dissolution of the states. Indiana in her present condition could do nothing for the Union, and Morton, realizing this, immediately began his work of reformation.

He had always believed that his political opponents were determined to support the Confederacy by refusing to supply troops for the Federal government; and the meeting of a hostile legislature in 1863, when the Republicans abandoned the legislature leaving his opponents without a quorum, brought matters to a crisis. The governor wished to borrow money on his own authority, but the Democratic attorney general and the state Supreme Court held that this was illegal. The indomitable Morton, however, borrowed money on his own personal responsibility and managed the government without legislature. For months he conducted the government without legal authority; still he did it with such honesty and ability, that, instead of receiving the censure of the people, he merited their applause.

The following year he was again nominated for governor and reelected, defeating his opponent, James E. McDonald, by a vast majority. He at once resumed his work in the interest of the state and the federal government.

Towards putting down the rebellion the governor furnished thirty thousand well equipped soldiers, and displayed excellent judgment and wonderful resources in supplying them while in service. At the same time he attended to the affairs at home, reforming the government and correcting abuses. Owing to the enthusiasm which he exhibited in promoting the cause of the Union, Morton is styled "The War Governor of Indiana." And, indeed, few men were so staunch in fighting for the North as Governor Morton. His party friends, and amongst them Henry Lane, were in favor of making concessions to the South. Not so Morton. He had nothing to offer the Confederates but obedience in all things to the laws of the land; and when they openly defied them he was with heart and soul for their punishment. When a peace congress was proposed he strenuous-

ly opposed it, and when the legislature passed the resolution for the appointment of peace commissioners, he selected men who were publicly known to be opposed to any concessions in favor of the South.

Up to the year 1854 Morton had been a member of the Democratic party; but, owing to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the party became divided. Morton saw its helpless condition and lack of influence, so he became one of the creators of the Republican party, and was ever after one of its foremost members, becoming, in 1867, its representative in the senate, where he served for ten years.

As a senator, Morton gained new laurels. He was chairman of the committee of Privileges and Elections, and possessed greater influence than any other member in determining the policy of the Senate and the Republican party upon the political questions of the day. In his address delivered at Richmond in 1865, Morton argued very strongly against negro suffrage, but in the senate he became its enthusiastic champion. Senator Doolittle on one occasion sneered at his want of consistency, to which Morton replied that he had been educated by the logic of events. "I confess", he said, "and I do it without shame, that I have been educated by the great events of the war. The American people have been educated rapidly: and the man who says that he has learned nothing, that he stands where he did six years ago, is like an ancient milepost by the side of a deserted highway."

During his terms of office in the Senate he was deprived of the use of his lower limbs. This was brought on by a stroke of paralysis received in 1865, and in 1877 he received a second stroke which brought his career to a sudden close. The end came on Nov. 1, 1877, and when he departed it seemed as if the state had been deprived of the only man who could support it in a manner deserving of the honor and respect of her sister states.

Mr. Morton possessed a very striking personality, being naturally combative and aggressive, intensely in earnest in his undertakings, efficient and able. No labor, no disad-

vantage, no defeat disheartened him, but made him the more tenacious. If he had faults, the greatness of his deeds obscured them.

At that time the death of no man, except, perhaps, that of Lincoln, caused such widespread grief. Messages of condolence were received from all parts of the country. Flags were hung at half-mast, and commerce was suspended to honor his memory; and deservedly so, for in him passed away one of the few men who, owing to their honesty and strength of character and great natural ability, joined with prudence and skill, obtained very great success and won the favor of an entire nation.

JOHN A. O'DONNELL, '07.



A Leaf.

A little brown leaf
Fell at my feet
And fluttered awhile in despair;
Then it lay in its grief
On its frost white sheet,
On the couch that snowflakes would share.

A beauty-touched thought
O'er my fancy strayed
And rose as my heart warmest throbbed;
But its joys unsought,
In a niche 'twas laid—
'Twill ne'er of its graces be robbed.

V. W. M., '06.

Phantasies.

MY thoughts took wing on the moonbeams,
As I lay awake one night,
To the vales of bliss of the day dreams
That flecked my childhood's flight ;
And I wandered over the meadows
Where the spirit of brightness guides,
Where sleep the earth's dark shadows,
And the peace of the blest abides.

O'er the bosoms, ne'er rippled with sadness,
Of the calm reflecting rills,
There quiver soft echoes of gladness,
O'er the lucent verdured hills.
Where the dazzling glance of the sunbeams
Are but rays from Heaven's crest ;
And the twinkling stars but joy gleams
Of a bright celestial rest.

Now ling'ring by Eden's broad portal ;
Now pond'ring in raptured delight,
O'er its vistas of peace eternal,
O'er its spirits rarely bright:
And musing on bowers angelic,
I listened with soul intense;
My heart throbs were answered by music
From the chords of innocence.

A haze my fancy now clouded,
And the moonbeams flitted afar;
Faint shadows my chamber enshrouded,
And I saw but a lonely rayed star.
But fondly I gazed still in yearning
To where spirits radiantly roam,
For beyond the star's peaceful burning
Resplendent and restful is home.

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.

“French Joe.”

IN the days of the California gold fever there was a small town in Southern Indiana which was somewhat handicapped by the crude name of “Wild Cat.” Since then, owing to intellectual and material advancement, it has been discarded for a more poetical and sonorous one. However, there lived in Wild Cat in the refined society of trappers, lumbermen, and farmers, a gentleman from Canada, Joseph Le Jeune, known to the “Swim” as “French Joe.”

Pierre Le Jeune, Joe’s son, had come to Indiana in search of the health denied him at Montreal, but hard working at farming and a moist, disease-laden air made it a case of frying pan to fire, so that Joe was compelled to devise some means of sending him home. Ordinarily Joe was a successful farmer, but that year, owing to the conditions immediately following the Mexican War, exceptionally poor crops, and a variety of other circumstances, he was hard pressed for money. Finally he decided to sell some of his property; and with this in view he hailed a passing neighbor, whom he knew to have a ready supply of cash.

“Saya, Holloa! You got some money an’ Ia got some-sing, n’est-ce-pas?”

“What ’a yuh got?” replied the neighbor.

“Oa, somesing, anysing. Ia got some cow an’ some horse, oa anysing.”

“D’ya want ter sell yer farm?”

“Oa, noa. You buy one, two part?”

“Wat’ll yuh take?”

“Oa, anysing.”

“Waal, seein’ it’s you, I’ll giv’ye six bits an acre.”

"Oha, noa, eet is wurt morea, an' ef you give sis bit, you go some place else an' give him, n'est-ce-pas?"

However, a bargain was struck for two thirds of Joe's farm at eight bits, or one Dollar, an acre.

"Ia do'ant liak to sell dosse farm, an' Ia do'ant liak for ma boy to be seek; howevair, he is bettair hoam a Montreal," said Joe as he received the money.

When it became known that Pierre was going home, Calvin Black, a lumberman of rather shady reputation, announced that he was going to California and volunteered to accompany the boy as far as Chicago. Joe did not like this arrangement very well, but he knew that the boy should have some care on the long journey by wagon, so he agreed.

As they disappeared up the road Joe's heart was filled with anguish, and he felt many a wild desire to run after them, but he knew that he could only hope for the day on which he could again clasp in his arms his darling boy.

Calvin Black proved a good nurse on the journey, for Pierre arrived in Chicago very little more than ordinarily tired, and when he finally retired at a Chicago hotel, he fell into a sound, healthy sleep. Then it was that Calvin Black's evil nature asserted itself. After he had lain on his bed a short time and assured himself that the boy was asleep, he stealthily crept over to the boy's clothes, and with a few quick movements, which showed that he was an adept in the art, appropriated all the boy's money. Then he left the hotel.

Fortunately for Pierre, two gentlemen who were going to Buffalo, heard his sad story and kindly offered to take him with them. Before going, however, Pierre wrote to his father informing him of Black's perfidy and entrusted the letter to the man who drove the wagon.

Without further accident he arrived in Buffalo, and through the further kindness of the two gentlemen reached Montreal in safety.

When French Joe heard of Black's dastardly trick, his anger knew no bounds, and without considering what he did he sold all his belongings and departed for California, swearing to wreak vengeance on Black.

"Ia mak him not forget," he muttered, "dat Ia got one boy, an' dat he will not steal an' rob from heem. Ia doant send heem hoam for dat, nossir."

Joe landed at San Francisco and immediately sought work, which he soon obtained as porter for one of the stores which had sprung into prominence.

After five years of incessant labor he had saved three thousand dollars, and began to think of going prospecting.

By some unhappy chance he mentioned the fact to a fellow workman, who at once recommended him to apply to a certain broker named Hersher, who would sell him a good claim at a low figure.

Joe followed his advise, and as a result he and Mr. Hersher were soon in consultation.

"Ye—es," drawled the broker, "I have some very desirable locations at from two to four hundred thousand dollars, —but perhaps you do not care to go so high?"

"Oha, noa, Ia have tree tousand dollar only."

"Well, well! but that is too bad," sighed this benevolent personage, but you must not be discouraged. Come to see me to-morrow and I shall see what I can do for you."

As soon as Joe was gone, the broker packed a small grip and left the city bound for the hills. There he found an abandoned claim, and taking a small quantity of gold-dust from the bag he sprinkled it in the crevices, and then returned to the city.

The next evening he saw Joe and told him that one of his clients had been injured in a faro game and was going east, and that he was willing to sell his claim for three thousand dollars, cash.

On the strength of this piece of good news Joe invited Hersher into a nearby hotel, to partake of the institution's good cheer. On entering a man came out of one of the private rooms, but on perceiving the new comers he hastily retraced his steps.

Joe and Hersher went into the adjoining room and began to discuss the mine over some refreshments.

"Yes, sir," said the broker, "the claim is as good as

yours, and we will go out in the morning to see it. I feel confident that you can make a considerable fortune out of it, considering the fact that you are paying only three thousand dollars for it." So they arranged a time for the following day.

Full of high hopes Joe departed next day with the broker, and in a short time arrived at the mine. Of course Joe soon discovered the "gold," and picking up a small handful of it he let it sift through his fingers like sand.

A short distance away crouched a man behind a huge boulder. He saw the gold, and his eyes glistened with an evil light. When the two were returning he followed them, as he had followed them from the city to the mine, and kept them in sight till they parted, Joe going home, presumably for his money, and Hersher to his office. The latter he easily overtook, and said:

"Say, partner, air yu goin' tu sell that ar mine for only three thousand?"

"What is that to you?"

"Waal, I was only goin' tu say that I'd giv' yu five for it."

"Oh, if that is the case, we can talk business. Come in to the office."

Five minutes later this man was on his way to have his claim registered.

Joe returned shortly afterward and found Hersher and his gilded opportunity flown.

Several days afterward he walked out to the claim to find out what had become of it. As he approached he saw a man sitting on a stump and recognized him as Calvin Black. They saw each other at the same moment and with cries of rage rushed forward. In the struggle that followed Black pushed Joe over the edge of a precipice, but in doing so he lost his own balance and plunged into the chasm. Fortunately, Joe merely slid down the steep incline and arrived at the bottom much bruised but not seriously injured.

While he sat there gathering his scattered senses, he noticed a small plant which had been torn up by the roots.

The soil which still clung to it was literally covered with small yellow specks. A further investigation showed that the side of the hill contained one of the richest lodes in the state.

This was the beginning of French Joe's fortune; and, although he has died since then, his son still operates the mine, and is considered one of the richest men in California.

EDWARD J. PRYOR, '06.



Out on the Deep.

OUT on the deep when the clouds are low
And the petrels are screaming with glee
The winds fiercely blow,
While the tides swiftly flow,
And the wrecker sails out on the sea.

Out on the deep when the clouds are low
And the sailors the light dimly see,
There's a sound like a moan,
Or a ship's heavy groan,
And the wrecker sails out on the sea.

Out on the deep when the clouds are blown
And the wreckage has drifted to lee,
Many a tear dimmed eye
Saw the wreck loom high,
When the wrecker sailed out on the sea.

E. J. P., '06.

The Art of Richard Wagner.

“EACH art is complete in itself, but not complete as a medium for expressing thought and feeling.” This was the stumbling-block for that great genius, Richard Wagner. He was gifted with unexampled powers of invention; his nature was keenly sensitive as well as highly emotional; in a word, he was a musician by nature ordained. But to his seething temperament and powerful mind music called forth an eternal “why?” This he proposed to answer in his ideal drama, by combining the idea with the emotion. The aim of Wagner’s future drama was “The conception of the dramatic placed in sovereignty over the musical, while the melody executes the will of every thought, be it prominent or subordinate.” That he has fully accomplished this aim is doubted by many. For, being preeminently a musician, his music is of such a nature as to claim our undivided attention. We are borne along upon its flood of melody and harmony, forgetful of the ideas that the master wishes to convey. Furthermore, music is unable to express the lighting like ideas of the human mind, notwithstanding that Wagner made it as mobile as can be conceived. Music belongs to the realm of feeling, and as for its effects upon the mind, it is the office of music to stimulate and quicken, not to suggest ideas. Thus the main object of his life-work, Wagner did not obtain.

Admitting that he has failed to reform the aesthetics of music, he is none the less a musician of exceeding merit. In a sense he may be compared to Shakespeare, of whom he was a very close student. His works exhibit the roman-

ticism and dramatic power peculiar to Shakespeare; and, in freeing the music drama from the narrow classic traditions, Wagner did for music what Shakespeare did for the drama. His music is characterized by such striking individuality and power that he has ever been even more admired than imitated. Not that there are wanting those who profess and strive to imitate him, as there have been imitators to every great man, but that none have been able to do more than reproduce the form.

An important element of Wagner's individual style is his novel harmonization. He does not introduce new chords, but combines them so as to produce peculiar and striking impressions. This pompous and majestic, this masculine and heroic effect is so characteristic of Wagner that if one has heard "Lohengrin" or "Tannhaeuser," he is enabled to recognize any of his works. To the casual listener this unusual and idiomatic harmonization may seem stilted and theatrical, but we must remember that Wagner hated "sham", and in his sincerity desired to give free and untrammelled expressions to his emotions and fancies.

In structure Wagner advanced the theory of Schumann, evincing a decided inclination to the thematic. This theory had been practiced by many, but by none with such success as by Wagner in his much admired leit-motifs. The grand effect of these leit-motifs is due not so much to their intrinsic beauty or originality as to the technical development. They undergo changes in rhythm, harmony, instrumentation, and combination with each other; they are colored by orchestration which is of "organ-like fullness and closeness of texture." By their frequent repetitions they impress themselves deeply upon the mind and soul of the hearer.

Another charm of Wagner lies in his "endless melody." This is an important theory of the old masters, which was then called "speech-singing". Since it lacks the strict form and symmetry of other music, it appears strange to the uncultured, nevertheless it has charming strains. It was particularly well adapted to Wagner's theory of expressing the idea through the melody.

It may be affirmed that the dramatic element is the greatest merit of Wagner's music. Every mood and every situation is intensified by appropriate music. He portrays his character in passion as in composure. Always adapted to the idea, his music is as apt in creating a weird atmosphere as it is grand in picturing a triumph. He not only pleases the audience but draws them to the stage. He arouses their emotions by his wonderful mastery of tone-color; he characterizes his personalities and situations by distinct leit-motifs; and he increases their intensity by exciting orchestration.

The very fertility of Wagner's musical genius was the source of his chief defects. It resulted in extravagance. His desire to "swim in a sea of tone" brought forth a superfluity of musical ideas, without a resting-point. It made his music too gigantic for the majority of men.

His powerful genius led him into another error. As in his youth he had claimed a "genius not amenable to scholastic law," so in his works he frequently disregards all rules of rhythm and form.

These and others considerations formed the opinion of Van Cleve, who says: "Indeed, there is no phenomenon in any sphere of art-life as amazing as is the career and influence of Richard Wagner. So long a struggle, so vast an opposition, so glorious a triumph, so rich a reward, so luminous a figure, so strange a mixture of great beauties and great effects both of character and art, the world has never seen."

O. KNAPKE, '06.

The Song of the Fisherman.

*“Let weigh the anchor, my merry lads,
We’ll soon put out to sea ;
For the morning stars are shining bright,
And soon the dawn will be.*

*“Then drop the nets, my merry lads,
For the fins do cut the foam ;
The herring and cod the catch shall be,
A joy for those at home.*

*“Now draw the nets, my sturdy lads,
They weigh with the wealth of the sea ;
Then hoist the sails again, my lads
And head for our own country.*

*“Let go the anchor, my weary lads,
And lower the sails amain ;
Our wives and children on the beach,
And we are home again.”*

M. F. SHEA, '06.

The Hare and the Coyotes.

WHILE traveling over the prairie in southern Kansas my attention was attracted by two sneaky looking animals, which I soon made out to be coyotes. They were sniffing the ground as if tracking some animal, and both seemed bent on the same trail.

They had followed it but a short distance, when with head and ears thrown back a hare jumped up from a tuft of prairie grass, and away he went on the wings of the wind. Yelping and howling the coyotes sprang after him, and from appearances it seemed that the hare was the animal they had been trailing.

The race for life had begun, but to my surprise only one coyote continued the pursuit. With leaps and bounds over ditches and tufts of grass the little hare ran, and soon left the coyote sniffing in a bewildered way at the tracks.

The hare thinking all danger over returned to his old haunt, but upon nearing it was surprised to hear the howl of the second coyote, and away he bounded again, easily winning the second race.

But each time the hare returned to his starting point more and more fatigued, and each time he was met with a yelp and a howl of one of the coyotes, who took turns of chasing the little animal, being no doubt acquainted with the folly of hares. Upon his fourth or fifth return to his home the hare was captured by the remorseless coyotes, who soon disappeared with their prey.

The fate of poor little bunny made me sad. I thought of the men who are as stupid as the hare, returning again and again to haunts of vice and sin until their ruin is accomplished by men who, like coyotes, thrive upon the weakness and misfortune of others.

JOSEPH M. BRYAN, '07.

Angel Guardians.

WHENCE those spirits lightly winging, sweetly Eden's anthems
singing
On the beams of crystal, in the sun emblazoned sky?
Why their wings of sunlight gleaming, in Eden's gemmy
brilliance teeming,
With the tainted pulse of earth's dark ether throbbing nigh?
With the throbbing mist of earth's dark sorrow swelling nigh?
Hither why their journey ply?

Is there not a sweeter haven? is not sorrow deep engraven
On the rocks and reefs that earthward dark and somber lie?
Spirits, balm of gladness bearing, Eden's soothing fragrance
sharing,
Why wander from those happy vales that echo ne'er a sigh?
Wand'ring to these vales terrestrial, where each breath's a sol-
emn sigh—

Still so cheery hither fly?

Yes, they've left their joyous bowers where bloom eternal sum-
mer flowers,
To guard and guide us when the sweeping wild winds fly.
On their pinions hope is winging, in their carols love is ringing;
Ah! gladsome hearts that feel these starry guardians nigh!
Troubled hearts, O ever glad with such true guardians softly
nigh!

Then hushed is sorrow's weary cry.

Angel knights, with flame celestial, sweeping wide o'er plains
terrestrial,
To guard each jewel of cut divine, the heavenly treasures that
earthward lie.
O soul beyond the stars in beauty! to guard unstained an angel's
duty,
When the tainted vapors from the bogs of evil rise and fly;
When upon the rolling billows wild the tempest lightnings fly;—
Ah, sweet to feel an angel nigh.

VICTOR W. Meagher, '06.

St. Joseph's Collegian.

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Editorials.

WITH the return of the school year, the thought of the work that is awaiting us comes surging before our minds. It brings with it a quotation from Emerson which would make a grand motto for every student at St. Joseph's — "Insist on yourself. Never imitate."

To use a common expression, stand on your own feet, boys, and do not rely on your neighbor's goodly proportions. The man who uses his friend's talents now, will most probably apply to him in after years either for a position or for his influence, when he should be his equal. In other words, do your own work, and let the other fellow do his.

EVERY student of St. Joseph's ought to take pride in supporting the different activities of the students, especially the students' magazine. The St. Joseph's Collegian is conducted by the students, and the fact that you may some day have an opportunity to write for it should be a sufficiently good reason to show your appreciation substantially, thus making its existence possible.

We would like to address a similar appeal to our alumni. We are sure that they continue to take an interest in the welfare of St. Joseph's and in the work of the students, and that they wish to keep in touch with their Alma Mater through the Collegian. Now this journal is not published as an advertisement for the College—we would not consider its publication necessary for that purpose—but in the interest of the students and for the Alumni and our other friends and well-wishers. Hence it is the ambition of the editors that they bear at least a part of the expense of publishing.

We notice that other college journals are forced to make a similar appeal, but we think to do so with particular reason, since the support we receive from students and friends is altogether insufficient, in fact, almost nil.



WE NOTE with pleasure the improvements made at St. Joseph's during the summer months. The increase in the number of students is another cause for congratulation, and without a spirit of undue local pride or boastfulness, we think we can safely predict that under the present system of persistent improvement, St Joseph's will in the near future be represented in nearly every state in the Union by her graduates.



WE READ in a Catholic Weekly:—

“The football season is on. It is a manly, character-making game. There is no place on the gridiron for the “coward” or the “fakir”.

We should like to ask, how many of other peoples' broken bones are required to build up a character? If brutality is desirable for character, then football is a character-making game. It is one of the finest games for exercise ever invented, but there is just as much character making in pugilism.

Furthermore, "is it certain that there is no place on the gridiron for the coward?" A recent number of McClure's shows how a member of a certain university football team was, by a preconcerted plan of his opponents, seriously injured, ostensibly because he was a powerful antagonist, but really because he happened to be a colored man. These tactics are followed by very many of the present day football teams, and to use their own expression, "It is the science of the game to put the strongest man out of the business." The recent action of the President to eliminate, not the roughness, but the mean and cowardly features, proves that they exist.



AN EXAMINATION of the records of our Indiana Public Libraries reveals a fact the importance of which should not be underestimated. It proves that the philanthropy of Andrew Carnegie is succeeding in one thing at least—the distribution of trashy literature. Most of these libraries' patrons are of immature age—school girls and boys, and if you investigate you will find that the books of the Laura Jean Libby type, and the worse than foolish boys' books by Alger and his clan, are worn to tatters. You will also perceive that the condition of better class literature plainly shows that it goes a-begging for readers.

The first class of books is making Young America sickly sentimental, and the second type gives our boys false ideas of life.

This is certainly deplorable and should be remedied.



RECENTLY one of the secular papers expressed its

doubts as to the fitness of Hon. Charles Bonaparte for his office because of his "Frenchness".

Know-nothingism in the sense of absolutely invincible ignorance seems to be still rampant, for it does seem so curious that when a Catholic is appointed to office, some "patriotic American" immediately has fears for the integrity of the Constitution. Why not upbraid President Roosevelt with his "Dutchness". Without a doubt these bigots use the term "French" in the same sense that we often hear "Irish" used——Catholic. When will we have done with such insinuations!



WE think it proper to state that our first article, "Hamlet at the Opening of the Play", was much corrected and also amplified by the director.



Exchanges.

GREETINGS, fellow Exmen, though a little tardy, for the coming year. May the spirit of good fellowship hover about our several sanctums. And ere we dip our pens, let us in spirit drink a toast to the success and prosperity of College Journalism.

Before, however, we launch upon our "sea of troubles", we would exchange a few words with you in friendly introduction. On accepting the present office, we were well aware of its many irksome duties, and that before the year is over we would be compelled to indulge in some complaining to ease our minds. But be that as it may! To give it a more presumptuous title the position of Exchange editor is in reality that of a critic. Moreover, to be forced to notice faults where we would rather see excellence is anything but pleasing.

In this regard we will advance a conviction which we have always held. It is that the pages of our college journals hide many a literary effort of high merit. Many a well-written story, excellent poem or graceful essay have rewarded our persevering search—but why see merit in the productions of immature minds! Happily, College Journalism is still young, and its millenium is far distant. Who knows the outcome? Our share we can do by earnest striving to raise its standard. The journal should be the pride of every student: Young and old, Freshman and Senior, should be spurred on to give it a substantial, whole-hearted support; perhaps among those untried slumber the fires of genius. Let the grand ambition to be the future makers of a distinct American literature urge us on. Let the Ex-

change column nourish good critics, and the column itself breathe only just and manly criticism. These are presumptuous words; but fellow-journalists, forgive them in the enthusiasm for our common cause.

The *Fleur de Lis* (St. Louis University) kindly refers to us as a magazine of "great literary merit", and at the same time points out some typographical defects. Our thanks for both. All of the suggestions are well taken, and we were much pleased to see the exchange editor take the trouble to make them. Our present number shows that we have been able to make several of the desired changes, and we regret that conditions do not permit us to comply with all. These conditions are sometimes insuperable, and we must make allowance for them in judging a journal that appears in humble dress. Some journals, we are inclined to think, go to the opposite extreme, appearing in too showy or too costly apparel. Such as the *Fleur de Lis*, the *Dial*, *Abbey Student* and *Notre Dame Scholastic*, preserve a happy medium, and are moreover to be praised for keeping the cover design and general arrangement which they first adopted. A frequent change in this is surely not desirable. Others, however, who have not been so fortunate in the selection, or cannot have the work done at the same printers, may find it advisable to make some changes.

A strange visitor from Quincy Illinois, surprised us before we had donned our official livery. It is styled "The *Solanian*," from St. Francis Solanus' College. Another instance of an older college awaking to the necessity and merits of a college paper. The compositions bear well their first exposure to publicity, though entirely of the light strain. In the August number, the story or rather incident "Midnight Oil" is particular realistic to a student. "A Hero", though having a well worn plot, is dressed up in a pleasingly original manner. The September number seemed to us like a comet with a blazing tail of poetry. Mt. Parnassus seems to have become a volcano and suffered an eruption in the

vicinity of Quincy. We hope that poets will not take this jest too seriously. The truth is, we were more than pleased to see that the soil from which the *Solanian* springs is so fruitful of noble thoughts and beautiful images.

The Collegian from Oakland Cal., another of our younger exchanges, promises to rise to the first rank. The articles are choice and literary, though few in number; but the subjects in two instances are beyond the scope of a college paper. The divorce and lynching problems ought hardly to be discussed there. "The Forgotten Graduate" is fancifully original in thought, if somewhat vague in expression. "Fancy's Review" struck us as being a poem above the usual standard. It has the rhythm of Moore and the deep feeling of Burns.

The *Dial* strove this month for variety and has well succeeded. "In Old Jerusalem" is novel, though perhaps not the work of a student. In the pages of the *Dial*, also, we noticed some attempts at passing judgement on the questions of the day. This is becoming contagious. Not that the *Dial* is the worst offender in this respect; no. its articles are usually well within the scope of the college journal, perhaps more so than our own. It is a fault, moreover, that can well be condoned, if it occurs rarely. Trying to avoid worn-out topics and class room themes, one falls easily into the opposite extreme. What we would condemn more is the tendency of some journals to let sensationalism and piquancy serve for the lack of literary qualities.

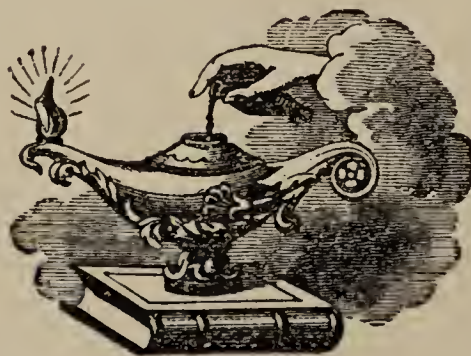
This month the *Excalibur* from Seattle, Washington, "flashing like a streamer of the northern morn" entered our sanctum. We can hardly apply this line of Tennyson's to its appearance, but the brilliance of its contents fully merits it. Tennyson himself would have treasured such poems as "On September Winds" and "The Enchanted Lighthouse." The story "A Maid of Hindostan" has much poetic coloring. Its weirdness seemed at first rather over drawn. But on second thought we felt that it had caught the atmosphere hovering round the journal's title "Excalibur".

We cannot forbear mentioning those ever punctual vis-

itants, our Catholic news papers. We know that the power and worth of Catholic journalism is rapidly rising and those that visit us are not among the least. Catholics need not be ashamed of such papers as the Catholic Columbian Record, the New World, the Telegraph, the Universe, the Church Progress, or the Boston Pilot. All are Catholic in tone and spirit, holding as their ideals the grandest on earth, those that Christ and the Apostles have given us.

Since writing the above, we have received the first number of *The New World* as edited by Rev. Thomas E. Judge. *The New World* had gained considerably in power and interest under its retiring editor Mr. A. O'Malley, but it promises to do so still more under the present management. Chicago now has an excellent paper, as it should have, considering the number and prominence of its Catholic people. Father Judge is known as a scholar and very able writer. His introductory editorial "The Policy of the New World" is masterly in thought as well as language. Father Judge is a mariner who knows his compass, and understands the currents and whirlpools that agitate the sea of thought. To judge from the present number, he will have the co-operation of the best minds in Chicago; especially from the laity. Success to *The New World* and its editor!

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.



Personal.

We are much pleased to hear that our Right Reverend Bishop has had a safe and pleasant voyage to Europe, and has already been received by the Pope in private audience. From a letter received by the pastors of the diocese we learn that the Holy Father expressed his joy at hearing such a favorable report on Catholic life in the diocese, and that in token of his love and appreciation he granted to all the pastors of the diocese the extraordinary favor of imparting the papal benediction, and a plenary indulgence to all who receive the sacraments of Confession and Holy Communion. We hope our beloved Bishop will enjoy his stay in Europe and have a happy return.

The Very Rev. Provincial and Father Gregory Jussel went to Rome as representatives of the American province of the Fathers of the Precious Blood, to participate in the election of a new Superior General. We learn that they arrived safely, and that the election which was held October 10, resulted in the choice of Rev. Hyacinth Petroni for superior general. We are pleased to learn that Father Petroni is much esteemed in Rome by high and low for his piety, learning and general ability.

Father Aloysius Fantozzi, who made a visit of the houses of the Community a few years ago and endeared himself to all by his kindly manners, was elected Vice-general. Father Joseph Shaeper, an American, was chosen Procurator General. Former readers of this journal will remember Father Shaeper as the contributor of some interesting and charmingly written letters from Italy. We are sure our present readers would thank Father Shaeper if he would renew his correspondence with the Collegian.

News was also received from Rome of the death of one

of the best known priests of the Italian province, Father Michael Bruni, who was stricken with heart failure shortly before the election. In the recent process for the Beatification of Blessed Caspar del Bufalo, Father Bruni was most active as promoter, and for this he has deserved well of the Community. He would no doubt have done more valuable work for the honor of God and the salvation of souls and for the interests of the Community, had God spared his life. His departure is also mourned by his aged parents. May God give him the reward for his labors and sacrifices. Requiescat in pace.

Rev. B. Boebner, C. PP. S., former president of St. Joseph's, favored us with a visit Sept. 24. The enthusiasm manifested at his arrival shows that he still holds a cherished place in the hearts of his boys. We all wish him cordially success in the arduous field of missionary labor.

We also had the pleasure of a call from three Fathers of New York: Rev. John Nageleisen of Congers N.Y., Rev. Urban Nageleisen of the Leo House, and Rev. A. Schumach of Long Island. The Reverend gentlemen came from Cincinnati, where they had attended the jubilee convention of the "Catholic Central Verein", at which Father Urban Nageleisen was one of the speakers. Father John and Urban are already known to the students, and Father Schumach introduced himself by a very able and edifying sermon of which the following sentence especially lingers in our minds: "If the institutions of liberty are to remain, they must be guarded and sustained and interpreted by the Gospel." We assure the Rev. Fathers that they are most welcome visitors and that we regret that the great distance prevents them from coming here more frequently.

The many friends of the class '01 at Carthagen, Ohio, unite their joys and hopes with the seminarians who are to receive Ordination next spring. The report that the new chapel will be completed for their ordination is a further source of gratification. The beautiful edifice will undoubtedly enhance the solemnity of the occasion. God's choicest blessings, we pray, will descend upon them all.

The class '05, B. Alt, R. Schwieterman, A. Shaefer, F. Wachendorfer, and A. Scheidler, are now vigorously pursuing their philosophical studies at Carthagen, Ohio. We are pleased to learn that they are so well satisfied with their new surroundings. It is cheerful news that the seminarians indulge in an occasional half hour of band music. Our heartfelt wishes attend the class '05 for a successful seminary course.

After faithfully discharging the duties of prefect for four years, Bro. Herman has been removed to the St. Joseph's Brotherhouse. He leaves many friends, who will long hold him in remembrance. Being of a genial disposition, he made himself one of us when it was compatible with his obligations. His earnest endeavors to lighten our burdens with his never-failing wit and humor were ever appreciated. His absence will long be felt, and the cordial wishes of all students accompany him to his new position. Bro. Fidelis has been appointed to his rather ungrateful task. May his incumbency be lightened by the special good-will and assistance of those under his charge!

Complaints have been made from different quarters that there is a dearth of news in the Collegian concerning our Alumni. We admit the indictment, but maintain that we are not to blame. We have made repeated appeals to our former students, of whom there is now a goodly number, to keep in touch with the College and their College friends through this journal, but our appeal has met with little or no response. We have also tried to collect news about them indirectly, with only slight success. We take this occasion, however, to assure them again that they are still remembered at the College, even such as were here for only a part of their course, and that we will be grateful for any communication. We assure them that we do not look for sensational news from them, not expecting them to be up in insurance circles, or among the directors of the Standard Oil. We merely wish to learn where they are, and how they are doing.

Right here we wish to say too, that the meetings of our

Alumni Association have neither been held very regularly, nor have they been so well attended as they should have been. Let the officials of the Association exert themselves in this matter and also see to it that later graduates are duly enrolled and notified of the meetings, especially the normal and commercial graduates.

Mr. Clement Fisher, '05, Ft. Recovery, Ohio, is enjoying a position in the Citizen's Bank of Celina Ohio.

Mr. L. Monahan, '05, Ft. Wayne, Ind., our last year's editor, is pursuing his philosophical studies at Rochester New York.

Mr. Fr. Theobald, '02, recently made his first reappearance at his Alma Mater. He will complete his medical course at the College of Medicine, University of Illinois, next June. The Collegian joins in wishing him success.

St. Joseph's grand gymnasium can now vie with nearly any in the state. The elaborate stage is completed at last; its scenery is superb. The initiation drama "A Celebrated Case" will be given Thanksgiving Day by the C. L. S.

Mr. Milton Bryan of Indianapolis, Ind., has entered the banking business as clerk at Wichita, Kansas.

We extend our congratulations to George Ohleyer, '05, of Indianapolis, Ind., who has been appointed assistant at the Commercial National Bank, Indianapolis.

Mr. M. O'Connor, '05, Indianapolis, Ind., St. Joseph's late Athletic manager, entered upon his seminary studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The following visitors were also entertained:— Rev. Koenig, Lowell, Ind., Rev. Hoffman, Richmond, Ind., Rev. J. Seimetz, Reynolds, Ind., Rev. Geo. Horstman, Remington, Ind., Rev. A. Laux, C. PP. S. Rome City, Ind., Rev. E. Grimm, C. PP. S. Minster, Ohio; Mr. Mathews and family, Remington, Ind., Mrs. Birong and sister, Chicago, Ill., Mr. Griesheimer, Muncie, Ind., Mr. Keane, North Amherst, O., Mr. Kelley, Geneva, Ind., Mr. Hipkind, Wabash, Ind., Mrs. Condon, Sedalia, Mo., Miss. Laibe, Ottawa, O., Mr. Dowling, and family, Morocco, Ind., Mr. Newman, Cassina Park, Ill.

Book Reviews.

The Senior Lieutenant's Wager and Other Stories.
Benziger Bros. Price \$1.25.

One of the best collections of short stories that we have ever met is the latest publication of Benziger Bros. It contains sketches from the pens of thirty of our foremost Catholic writers, among them M. F. Egan, Eleanor Donnelly, Grace Keon and numerous other familiar acquaintances.

The pervading characteristics of the narratives are their truthfulness to life and the beautiful lessons they embody. They possess intense interest for young and old, and will readily serve as a delightful refreshment during the spare moments of the day. It is withal a very commendable volume and well deserves the appreciation of our Catholic public.

Carpenter's Geographical Reader, Africa. American Book Co. Cincinnati, O.

We have not found anything better to supplement the study of Geography, especially in younger classes, than Carpenter's Geographical Readers. The sixth of the series, treating of Africa, has just come from the press of the American Book Co. Its simple language and attractive descriptions endear it to younger readers, while the goodly amount of information it contains, and the exact knowledge displayed, makes it interesting also to riper students. It makes no pretensions of being a scientific treatise about the physiography of the second largest of the grand divisions, or about the social and political development of its inhabitants, but it describes in simple terms the scenes which the author beheld, the habits of the people he visited, intermingled with brief historical notes about the most interesting places in Africa. We wonder that in the compass of so

small a volume, so much information is contained. But the author describes only the most interesting scenes and people, and carefully omits details where they would pall upon the average reader. We have as a consequence a volume not too large to repel the reader, but wonderfully interesting.

Catholic Home Annual 1906, Benziger Bros. Price 25 cents.

It is a pleasure to call the attention of our readers to this beautiful almanac. For years this one has been among the leading almanacs of the country, and after examining the present number we are inclined to say that it ranks first among its brethren. There is a number of articles on interesting subjects, and a collection of short stories so delightfully written that one wishes to read them again, to warm the heart and cheer the mind. We cannot call attention to them singly, but considering the variety and the worth of the articles and stories, and the number of beautiful illustrations, one wonders that so much instruction and entertainment can be procured for twenty-five cents.

B. C. '08.



Societies.

C. L. S. The Columbian Literary Society met for the election of officers Sept. 24th. Much interest was shown, and the nomination speeches were in the main good, some attempt being made to avoid the hackneyed expressions and to press the real claims of the respective candidates. There was a veritable landslide in favor of Mr. Shea for President. Following are the complete "returns of the election": President, M. Shea; vice-president, C. Frericks; Secretary, J. McCarthy; Treasurer, N. Allgeier; critic, V. Meagher; editor, L. Nageleisen; marshal, L. Hildebrand;

librarian, P. Wiese; executive committee, E. Freiburger, E. Vurpillat, and A. Linneman; investigation committee, E. Freiburger, E. Vurpillat, A. Linneman, M. Shea, and F. Gribba.

Sunday, Oct. 8., the following names were added to the C. L. S. list: William Tompkins, Joseph Boland, Chas. Pfeffer, Emil Spornhauer, Walter Coffeen, James Bultink, Raphael Donnelly, Paul Miller, Edward Neumeier, Clement Gerber, Vincent Williams, Chas. Scholl, Michael Shieis, William Donahue, Robert Keane, Philip Graf, Holland Riley, Henry Dues, James Hassett, Fred. Koper.

The society's first program was rendered Sunday evening Oct. 8.

"Liberty Bells".....College Orchestra.
Inaugural Address—"Influence of the Stage".....M. Shea.
Oration—"Spartacus to the Gladiators at Capua".....E. Vurpillat.
Humorous Recitation—"Half Way Doin's".....L. Nageleisen.
Recitation—"Minstrel's Curse".....J. Becker.
Song—"A Dream of Paradise".....O. Knapke.
Declaration—"Damon and Pythias",.....M. Ehleringer.
Humorous Selection—"How a Frenchman entertained John Bull".....
F. Pierce.
"Surprise Symphony".....Orchestra.

The Columbus Day program proved to be very enjoyable, especially to lovers of oratory. The two orations as well as the debate were excellently spoken.

Overture—A Gipsy Queen.....Orchestra.
Essay—De Soto.....C. Frericks.
Debate—Resolved: That the study of Literature is more beneficial than the study of Science.....Aff. Fidelis May. Neg. Leo Faurot.
Song—National Hymn.....Glee Club.
Oration—Las Casas.....O. Knapke.
Farce—A Confidential Clerk: Jonathan Dobbs—E. J. Freiburger; John McCormick—W. Tompkins; Horatio Luckington—F. Gribba; Charles Valentine—J. McCarthy; Dick Sharp—N. Allgier; Harry Dalton—J. Gallagher; March—"Thunderbolt"—Orchestra.

It may be stated here that under the auspices of the Columbian Literary Society a play, "A celebrated Case," will be presented in the College Hall Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 30., with the following cast:

O. Knapke, I. Collins, C. Kloeters; marshall, F. Lippert; librarian, H. Post.

Marian Sodality. The sodality of the Blessed Virgin met in the College Chapel, Oct. 1, to hold the first of the semi-annual elections. The honor of Prefectship was given to M. Shea. J. Becker and E. Freiburger are respectively first and second assistant. December 8th or the feast of the Immaculate Conception is the chosen day for the solemn admittance of new members.

St. Stanislaus Altar Society. Under the care of Rev. Simon Kuhnmuench the Altar Society will continue to be a lively organization. The young gentlemen's object is to serve at the altar with as much attention and devotion as possible. The result of their election was as follows: President, Murray Boland; vice-president, Michael Green; secretary, Leon Scohy; censor, Bernard Brugger; Sergeant-at-Arms, William Mecklenburg. The other members are F. Duie, R. Mecklenberg, A. Bihl, H. Hipshend, J. Grover, R. Williams, C. Rosenberg, J. O'Neil, R. Birong, R. McGuire, G. Berghoff, A. Hauses, G. Paradis.

S. J. C. B. After the announcement of a free day had been made, Oct. 3rd, Major Keller and Adjutant Shea introduced the day of enjoyment by sizing up the new fellows and reorganizing St. Joseph's Battalion. Within a few minutes three unusually large and proud companies were moving on the campus. Capt. J. A. Sullivan with lieutenants C. Boeke and E. Neumeier commands Co. A; Capt. J. A. O'Donnell with lieutenants F. Gribba and N. Allgeier has charge of Co. B; Capt. E. J. Pryor with lieutenant L. Nageleisen drills Co. C. The offices still vacant will be occupied by those who shall have been successful in the competitive drill which is to take place in the near future.

BERNARD WELLMAN, '06.

Athletics.

THE completion of the gymnasium last year mark an epoch in the athletic history of St. Joseph's. It proved to be an incentive for the students to become members of an athletic team, and to represent their Alma Mater. We hope the same spirit pervades the student body this year; and if it does, a successful year is assured.

BASE-BALL.

Almost all the members of last year's base-ball team have returned, and the prospects for a successful year are unusually bright. Besides the old members there is good material among the new-comers, and since practice can be started much sooner in the gym, the team should be able to sustain the reputation of last year's team.

Sept. 14, the team met and elected E. Vurpillat, Manager, and M. Shea, Captain. Both men possess the confidence of the students, and a winning team is expected.

FOOT-BALL

Though cold winds from the North have blown steadily for the last month, they have failed to awaken much football enthusiasm among the older fellows. This is deplorable, for there has never been such a wealth of good material and such opportunities for playing.

The juniors however seem to possess whatever ginger their elders lack. Two teams which had been organized by W. Tompkins and Jos. Donahue played Oct. 1, and the latter's team went down in defeat. Muhlenbrink's line-bucks, Graf's end-runs and Gerber's tackling were the features. The teams were about equal in weight, but the Tompkins were speedier. The score was 14—0.

The weather was warm and visibly affected the players. The line up:

Pierce.....	r. e.....	Ruhlman
McCarthy	r. t.....	Hasser
Neary.....	r. g.....	Small
Sullivan.....	c.....	W. Donahue
Lille.....	l. g.....	Hasset
Kraebel.....	l. t.....	Lewis
Mc Sweeney.....	l. e.....	Gartland
Tompkins(capt.)..	q b	J. Donahue (capt.)
Graf.....	r h b.....	Dowling
Keane.....	l h b.....	Gerber
Muhlenbrink.....	f.	Hierholzer

Touchdowns, Graf, Muhlenbrink.

Goals, Graf 2. Safely Donahue.

Referee, Bryan.

Umpire, Williams.

Oct. 8, the third team defeated the youthful foot-ball aspirants of Rensselaer 6—0. The game was very interesting. Leo Sullivan prevented the college boys from being scored upon by his brilliant tackle of Nagel who had broke away for a forty-five yard run. Gallagher made the touchdown and Graf kicked a very difficult goal. Graf, Gerber, Sullivan and Gallagher played the best game for St. Joseph's while Rhodes and Robinson were conspicuous for Rensselaer.

Morgan, referee. Fitzgerald, umpire.

HAND-BALL still claims a number of admirers, and every day the gym is the scene of many a lively game.

WHILE it is almost too early for the bowling season, the alleys are not neglected, and several good scores have been rolled. The highest are:

E. Pryor, 236; Wm. Tompkins, 223; B. Wellman, 209.



Improvements.

WHEN the students returned from their summer vacation, the expression "What a change" was on every tongue. The improvements which had been made during the summer months were an agreeable surprise to all.

In the first place they found another study-hall arranged for the higher classes of St. Aquino's hall. Nearly all the Professors have moved from the main building to St. Caecilia's hall, making room for the new study-hall and several additional class-rooms. Some of the class-rooms were also enlarged and put in the best of condition. The armory has been remodeled at the expense of several hundred dollars, and will now be the dining hall. The auditorium has been arranged for a dormitory. The first floor of St. Caecila's hall has been fitted up for the use of visitors. These changes were made possible by the erection of the Gymnasium, and have greatly added to the accommodation and comfort of students.

A system of cement walks between the main building and the Gym was begun, and the Gymnasium basement was likewise cemented, and provided with shower baths.

A new building for toilet purposes, with all modern arrangements, is being completed. An addition to the brotherhouse is also building, and several other changes of minor importance have been made. Finally we must mention the introduction of electric light, to take the place of acetelyne. The stage and gymnasium hall are especially benefited by it, but it is welcomed in every part of the College.

Other minor improvements in the buildings and on the grounds will soon be taken in hand.

Locals.

VERSES BY THE CRITIC.

REJOICE, ye men of iron strength,
Your chance for goals is here;
The foot-ball days have come again,
The gladdest of the year.

Heaped on the field like shocks of corn
The players gayly dance;
They knock the breath from those beneath,
To see the pigskin prance.

They take a side from Johnny's nose,
A piece from Tommy's ear;
They bump and smash and slash and crash,
And try to get in gear.

They test the right, they tackle left,
The full-back goes on through;
The captain coaches, yells and cries
And feels like turning blue.

The Freshman and the wise old Soph,
They fight like tigers fierce;
The Seniors knock the Juniors down—
At last the goal they pierce.

O blessed time of all the year,
For which we've longed and sighed—
Bruised arms and heads, what matters it!
We have the Sophs defied.

M. H., '06.

Hello, something new in the personage of Jack the
"Sleeper."

These diamonds look rather small for a foot-ball game.
Gloomy is again in our midst. He returned because he
heard that he could study by electricity this year.

The other night at about 12 o'clock, Freiburger, sitting
up in his bed, was heard soliloquizing thus: To sleep or not
to sleep, that is the question.

Pierce would like to know if Recker has a crust in his new pipe.

Our ingenious Paul Miller has circulated a story of how he kept himself busy this summer. One of his principal occupations (outside of writing poetry and plays) was watering electric light plants in Aroskasi, Fichi.

My kingdom for a needle and thread! cried Sim as a bull drove him through a barb wire fence.

Frei's corporosity is decreasing to an alarming extent. He now tips the beam at two hundred and ten.

Donnelly: "I thought the Collegian to be on friendly terms with all the students."

Editor: "So it is. What's the matter now?"

Donnelly: "I wrote a story and it didn't have a line of it."

Editor: "What further proof do you want of its friendship?"

STUDY-HALL LYRIC.

Whence the bugs in countless numbers,
 Brave and bold the lights assailing?
 Flitting high where wisdom slumbers
 O'er the ceiling's starry ways?
 Daring bold the light-shade's railings
 Driving dark athwart our gaze?

Depart, ye imps and sons of Pluto,
 Leave those realms of thought to me!
 If ye love and prize the soot so,
 Seek the chimney's belching sea.
 Disturb me not to doggerel rhyming
 When the Muse to me is chiming
 Lays of charming melody.

I. C. & Co.

Maurice accompanying Eddie about the place and seeing "Rex" said: "Don't be afraid, that is a good dog. See how he wags his tail." Eddie (still shrinking back): "Yes I see, but that isn't the end I'm afraid of."

Music. Isidore: "What is a grace note?" Matt: "An unnecessary embellishment".